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FASHION

AN

ODE

WITH OTHER

POEMS.

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FASHION,

AN

ODE.

I. 1.

'SONS of earth to wiſdom wake!
'The trueſt wiſdom owns my ſway;
'Rude Nature's path at length forſake,
'And follow where I point the way.
'With me a lightly flutt'ring train
'Of wanton Sports and Pleaſures ever reign:
'Around me ever move, in ſprightly dance,
'Beauty, Taſte, and Elegance.

As Faſhion thus, upon a changing cloud
High-ſeated, precepts to her Vot'ries gave,
Her veſtments now ſuccinct about her crowd,
And now in air confus'dly floating wave;
A diff'rent hue each moment they unfold,
Now azure, purple now, and now refulgent gold,

I. 2.

Meantime look how yonder band,
The fav'rites of their potent queen,
In thronging circles round her ſtand,
A wond'rous party-colour'd ſcene.
Each whimſy Affectation tries,
And liſps, and nods her head and rolls her eyes.
Vain Pride of empty glare enamour'd ſhines
In all the wealth of India's mines.
A ſmile of approbation o'er her brows
Diffuſing Flatt'ry whets her poliſh'd ſting.
With low ſubmiſſion ſervile Meanneſs bows.
Gay Coquetry diſplays her mealy wing;

While dark Deceit aſſumes a Cherub's face,
And formal Ceremony ſtruts with meaſur'd pace.

I. 3.

The Nations far below
Diſpers'd o'er earth in ſwarms,
With ſtraining viſion on the Goddeſs gaze:
Tho' all extol her charms,
Above the reſt with ſhow
Delighted Britain loudeſt ſounds her praiſe.
Obſervant of the favouring hour
She thus her miniſters addreſt,
'Away and inſtant on the human breaſt,
'Ye Genii, try your facinating pow'r.
'My right aſſert, and give me to extend
'O'er yon devoted realms deſpotic ſway;
'Nor let the great alone before me bend,
'But ev'ry rank religious homage pay.
To Albion's coaſt, the motly hoſt
Immediate ſtretch their rapid flight;

And there at will, with magic ſkill,
Before the people's dazzled ſight,
Raiſe gawdy phantoms which the little mind
Deems Beauty, height of Taſte, and Elegance refin'd.

II. 1.

All unable to withſtand
The ruſhing torrent of the foe,
The heav'n-born Virtues from the land
O'erwhelm'd with ſhame and ſorrow go.
Simplicity of modeſt mien
To flaunting Affectation leaves the ſcene.
Diſguſted at the ornaments of Pride
The artleſs Graces turn aſide.
See Truth and firm Integrity remove
Where glozing Flatt'ry and Deceit intrude.
See Coquetry the Power of faithful love
Bruſh far away with wing ungently rude.
From Meanneſs Honour turns with ſcornful eye.
From Ceremony Eaſe and ſocial Pleaſure fly.

II. 2. Sprites

II, 2.

Sprites of Miſchief! ſeize the ſoul,
Its guardians now are flown away;
The world will feel your ſoft controul
With joy, and chearfully obey.
But ah! admit not Mis'ry's crew
That ſtill your courſe with baleful ſteps purſue:
Behind your winning forms, the Demons find
Unſeen a paſſage to the mind;
Malignant Envy whoſe corroded breaſt
A thouſand rav'nous vipers ever rend;
Duſk Spleen, with clouds of diſcontent oppreſt,
And fiends, that on the gaming Fury tend,
Anxiety, with comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Madneſs ſhooting from his eyes a fiery glare.

II. 3.

But ſay, ye Virtues, ſay,
Where paſs you now the hours?

While Faſhion's banners, like a meteor, ſpread,
From London's nodding towers,
A wide-extended ray,
Beyond the dang'rous light, by Reaſon led
You haunt the ſolitary grove:
There ſoft on Nature's lap you lie,
And liſten to the riv'let murm'ring nigh,
Or linnet's trembling thrilling ſong of love.
Sometimes you drink of learning's deepeſt ſtream,
Or with the Muſes on its margin play:
Sometimes, diſſolv'd in philoſophic dream,
You ſee the viſions of celeſtial day.
Peace in your breaſts for ever reſts,
While Hope low-whiſp'ring comfort ſpeaks;
Health's freſheſt roſe, for ever glows,
With native crimſon on your cheeks.
In Faſhion's gilded chains let others ſhine,
To roam the wood with you unknown and free be mine.

VICISSITUDE of *Pleaſure* and *Pain* congenial to the preſent State of MAN.

A N O D E.

SEE, the Siſter of my Muſe
* May, now weep and hang her head;
Now ſunſhine o'er her face diffuſe,
And walk with livelier tread;
While every purple flower that blows
Thro' gliſt'ning dew-drops brighter glows,
And birds and beaſts reviving raiſe,
A wildly warbled hymn of praiſe.

Down the ſlope of yonder hill,
See, the buſy Naiad lead
The waters of her little rill,
In mazes, to the mead.

Now

* This Poem was written in the Month of May.

Now pouring from their rocky urn,
With voice of hoarſe complaint, they mourn;
Now prattling all jocoſe and gay
They o'er the poliſh'd pebbles play.

Checker'd thus with bliſs and pain
Fleets the life to man aſſign'd;
An equal tenor ne'er maintain
The motions of his Mind.
To day he pines, and ſickens laid
Diſconſolate in Sorrow's ſhade;
To-morrow, thro' unclouded ſkies,
On Pleaſure's flutt'ring wing he flies.

When the Gods reſolv'd to ſend
Joy from heav'n's ætherial height,
They bad pale Grief her ſteps attend,
Sad child of ancient Night.
Or conſtant Grief, or conſtant Joy
Would ſoon the human frame deſtroy;

Tis' their viciſſitudes that give
The tender ſon of earth to live.

Neither climes, where round the year
Tempeſts of the North prevail,
Nor ever ſcorching Libya hear
The tuneful nightingale.
Melodious friend of love-ſick woe!
Thy melting raptures only flow
Where ſhine variety of ſuns,
And ſeaſon after ſeaſon runs.

Airy forms of laſting bliſs
Let the vain and mad purſue,
And often as their aim they miſs,
The fruitleſs chace renew.
In ſhape of riches, ſtate or pow'r,
The painted phantoms, every hour,
Their heedleſs vot'ries far aſide
From life's true path of comfort guide.

Yet our wand'ring ſteps to keep
Surer in the middle way,
When Fate's dark clouds involve us deep,
Hope ſhews the dawn of day:
While Fear, when proſp'rous Fortune ſheds
Meridian luſtre on our heads,
One ſable tinct from Grief conveys
To ſoften and correct the blaze.

Glad to ſhun Affliction's ſtorm
Low'ring round with blackeſt night,
An idle wiſh I never form
For Pleaſure's dazzling light.
While others, with inflam'd deſire,
In this ſublunar world, aſpire
The thrilling pain of bliſs to know,
Content I feel the joy of woe.

RETROSPECTION,

AN

ODE.

AS downward on the ſtream of years
With conſtant lapſe I glide,
How dark the low'ring ſky appears!
How turbid rolls the tide!
Each hour the rough'ning billows flow
Involv'd in thicker clouds of woe,
On which, a ſadly penſive form,
With drooping head Dejection ſits;
While guſts of paſſion rave by fits,
And blow a dreadful ſtorm.

In vain with aching ſight I try
The future to pervade;
No ſtraggling beam of Hope is nigh
To light me thro' its ſhade.
Ah! then permit me to review
The peace my youthful moments knew;
The peace I ne'er muſt know again;
The peace, which too refin'd to cloy,
Poſſeſſion calls conſummate joy,
And Mem'ry joyful pain.

To Retroſpection's piercing eyes,
In ſunſhine painted gay,
The ſcenes of former times now riſe,
And now in miſts decay.
My native cottage there I ſee,
Where in thy lap, Simplicity!
My guiltleſs Childhood ſlept or play'd.
In yonder fields, of thought devoid,

Or elſe with pleaſing thoughts employ'd,
How often have I ſtray'd!

My parent brook I next behold,
To which I oft have run
To view the fiſh their robes of gold
Shew glancing to the ſun.
The copſe and lawn to theſe ſucceed,
Where from my ſteps of eager ſpeed
The infant linnets trembling flew;
Where charm'd with beauty's brighteſt dyes,
I wont the gawdy butterflies
Unwearied to purſue.

But neither copſe nor lawn delight
So much as yonder glade,
Which oft, from early morn to night,
My reſidence I made.
There hid from each profaner eye
My mimic toil I lov'd to ply,

While

While ſpires of pebbles round me roſe:
Ev'n now methinks I buſy ſtand,
Ev'n now conſtructed by my hand,
The tiny turret grows.

Ah! happy view of happy years!
When Hope upon me ſmil'd
Attended by her gay compeers,
Young Health, and Vigour wild:
When Fancy wav'd her magic wand,
And inſtant at her high command,
In all the rainbow's colours dreſt,
A thouſand Pleaſures o'er my head
Their variegated plumage ſpread,
Or flutter'd on my breaſt.

But Fancy now, deceitful queen!
Has from me ſtretch'd her flight,
And all the joyous fairy ſcene,
Decays at Reaſon's light.

If Reaſon then can only ſhow
My riper manhood ſights of woe,
And give it o'er to ſharpeſt pain,
Me, while the ſons of Senſe and Truth
Are wretched, may thy follies, Youth,
And falſhoods bleſs again.

BENEFICENCE,

BENEFICENCE,

AN

ODE.

THE wintr'y blaſts of bleak Diſdain
Long whiſtled round the Poet's head;
The only ſhelter he could gain
Was Penury's ill-conſtructed ſhed:
There paſſing Av'rice ſaw him lie,
And chill'd him with an half-averted eye;
And haughty Wealth juſt deign'd to turn aſide,
To pierce his boſom with the glance of pride.

His tender frame by Nature's care
Was faſhion'd in a finer mold;
She made him quite unfit to bear
The rudeneſs of a clime ſo cold.

The fury of the icy gales
O'er ev'ry ſinking trembling limb prevails:
The bluſhing roſes of his cheek decay,
And all his wonted vigour dies away.

No more inform'd with gen'rous fire,
As in his better days, he flings
A rapid hand acroſs the lyre,
And into muſic works the ſtrings.
No more the lightning of his eye
* From heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n can fly;
With fond imploring gaze, their luſtre gone,
His eyes are fix'd on heav'n and heav'n alone:

Nor fix'd in vain. A ſudden light
With many a ſtreak of purple gay,
From æther, burſts upon his ſight,
Prophetic of returning day;
No tranſient dawn of Hope, no gleam
Of Fancy ſhines with momentary beam;

* Shakeſpeare.

Lo! warm Beneficence, the moral ſun,
Begins his journey thro' the ſkies to run.

Around his glowing car attends
A kindred train of heav'nly birth,
The faithful comforters and friends
Of all who groan and weep on earth.
In front ſee Pity ſmiling meek;
The drops of pleaſing ſorrow wet her cheek:
Content and Chearfulneſs advance behind,
With Raptures of the ſelf-approving mind.

Before his ray the cloud departs
That long had night o'er Genius ſpread:
Unfolding gradual bloom the Arts,
And drooping Science lifts the head.
No more the Bard dejected mourns;
With all the Muſe's fire again he burns,
And now to thee his lyric tribute brings,
Beneficence! by whoſe bleſt aid he ſings.

AMANDA.

A M A N D A.

MY ſuit the fair Amanda diſapproves;
I drop the tear and heave the ſigh in vain:
At once adieu, ye Muſes and ye Loves!
You both muſt from me part, or both remain.

Yet ſee how Damon can with eaſe ſucceed!
In Damon's arms the live-long day ſhe ſighs;
With rapt attention liſtens to his reed,
And on his faith implicitly relies.

Does then the form of Damon mine excel?
Can Damon tune the pipe with ſweeter art?
In ſofter words his love can Damon tell?
Or more averſe to falſhood is his heart?

His merit may or may not mine tranſcend;
It nought avails, if, as the Poets ſing,
The blinded God his bow at hazard bend,
And paſſion from caprice and whimſy ſpring.

FINIS.

P. 3d. l. 12th. for facinating read faſcinating.
P. 10th. l. 7th. for tinct read tint.